

# DELICIOUS

BY JENNIFER BROWN



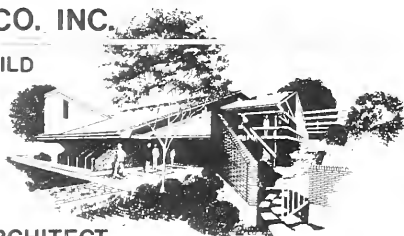
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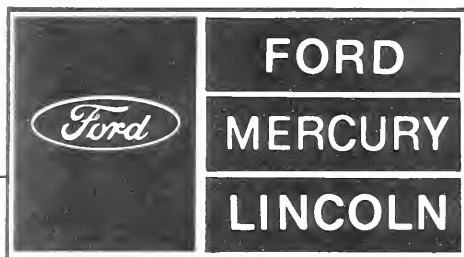
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# Delta Scene



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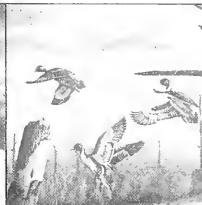
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**Cover Photo:** Our cover photo this issue is of a Wood Duck in its natural setting, taken by Orville Andrews. Mr. Andrews has had educational background in industrial relations, administration and management courses. His hobby is advanced photography, and he presently resides in San Jose, California.

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# FALL EVENTS

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## SEPTEMBER

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### September 1 - 22

Photographs by John Muse, Graphic Study Center, Mississippi Museum of Art, 201 E. Pascagoula St., Jackson.

### September 1

Jesse Brent Memorial Day Boat Race; Speedboat race on Mississippi River from Greenville to Vicksburg; music, food, auction, Vicksburg City Waterfront, Vicksburg.

### September 7

Indian Bayou Arts and Crafts Festival, Gilmer Park, Indianola.

### September 8 - 20

Mary Mhoon: Sea of Rains, Art Exhibit, Upper Atrium, Mississippi Museum of Art, 201 E. Pascagoula St., Jackson.

### September 15

Lucille Savelle Exhibit, Cottonlandia Museum, Greenwood.

### September 21

Delta Blues Festival; Blues artists perform in the area where the distinctive art form was born, Freedom Village, Greenville.

### September 28

Deer Creek Arts and Crafts Festival; exhibitors, live entertainment, food; races held on the banks of Deer Creek, Leland.

Gateway to the Delta Third Annual Five Mile Road Race and One Mile Fun Run. For more information call the Yazoo County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 172, Yazoo City.

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## OCTOBER

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### October 1

Joan Jackson, Oil Painting, Bolivar County Library, Cleveland.

### October 1 - 21

"Mississippi On Broadway", exhibit, Carnegie Public Library, Clarksdale.

### October 1 - 31

Mississippi Craftsmen's Guild, Wright Art Center, Delta State University, Cleveland.

### October 5

Gateway to the Delta; 14th Annual Arts and Crafts Festival, begins 9 a.m. through 4 p.m. Exhibits and Competition; handmade items only. For more information contact the Yazoo County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 172, Yazoo City.

### October 12

October Fest Arts and Crafts Festival, Greenstrip, downtown, Cleveland.

Home in the Woods, Arts and Crafts, games, food, entertainment, Itta Bena.

### October 17 - 19

Arts and Crafts Show. Crafters from around the South with woodworking, jewelry, wildlife photos, and more. Greenwood Mall, Greenville.

### October 13

Pops in the Park, featuring Greenville Symphony in outdoor concert, Hardy Park, Greenville.

### October 20

Juried Art Show, featuring Emma Lytle and leading women artists, Cottonlandia Museum, Greenwood.

### October 30 - Nov. 2

Mistletoe Marketplace; Christmas shopping extravaganza with specialty shops, tearooms. Trade Mart, Jackson.

### October 31 - Nov. 2

Pulsar, the Robot. Pulsar will move about the mall talking to children and adults, Greenville Mall, Greenville.

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## NOVEMBER

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### November 1 - 30

The Penetrating Eye: A Karl Wolf Memorial, Opening Reception, Sunday, November 3, Wright Art Center, Delta State University, Cleveland.

### November 5

Film, "Shock of the New, Culture as Nature"; traces the merger of Art with advertising. East Gallery Auditorium, Mississippi Museum of Art, 201 E. Pascagoula St., Jackson.

### November 17 - Jan. 19

Art Exhibit by Benson Moore: Birds from the Collection of Dr. and Mrs. Beckett Howorth, Graphic Study Center, Mississippi Museum of Art, 201 E. Pascagoula St., Jackson.

### November 19 - 23

Handcrafted Gifts and Art Work by Delta Artists. Annual Country Christmas at the Antique Mall, Indianola.

### November 22

Santa Claus arrives. The Delta's Santa arrives at 6 p.m. Kids get free treats and can have their picture taken with Santa, Greenville Mall, Greenville.

### November 24 - Jan. 12

Art Exhibit and Auction, Collectors' Choice: Auction and Exhibition, Mississippi Museum of Art, 201 E. Pascagoula St., Jackson.

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## DECEMBER

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### December 1 - 21

Walter Anderson's "Roberson the Cat", and exhibit by the State Historical Museum, Jackson.

### December 1 - 24

Christmas Choirs on the Mall. Groups from around the Delta will

sing Christmas songs for the public at Center Court. Greenville Mall, Greenville.

#### **December 1**

Greenville Symphony concert, featuring the "Young Artist Competition" winner performing with the symphony, Greenville High School Auditorium, Greenville.

#### **December 6**

Delta Band Festival. Bands from surrounding towns participate in competition and a winter carnival parade, Greenwood.

#### **December 7**

Christmas Weekend at Floewood River Plantation; special seasonal decorations in an Antebellum Plantation setting. Candlelight Tour on Saturday, Dec. 7 only from 5:30 to 7:00 p.m.

#### **December 8 - 23**

Christmas at the Old Capitol. Decorations and entertainment during the holidays. Old Capitol, State Street, Jackson.

#### **December 10 - 29**

Christmas at the Mississippi Museum of Art, area school choirs perform at noon in the Palette Restaurant in the Atrium Gallery of the Museum. 201 E. Pascagoula, St., Jackson.

#### **December 10**

Christmas on Deer Creek; Santa arrives to welcome the Christmas season on his sleigh, mid-stream, followed by lighted floats and trees on Deer Creek, Leland.

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### **CONTINUING EVENTS**

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**The Burrus House** — Hwy. 448, ½ mile east of Benoit, MS, 742-3425. Built ca. 1858 by one of the earliest settlers in Bolivar County. Open by appointment. Admission.

**Archaeological Museum** — Carnegie Public Library, 114 Delta Ave., 624-4461, Clarksdale. Collections include rudimentary Mississippi pottery and other related artifacts, research materials, and periodic changing art exhibits. Open year round. Free.

**Delta Blues Museum** — 1109 State Street, Clarksdale, 624-4156.

Dedicated to the history and influence of the blues and its artists. Open seasonally and by appointment. Free.

**Weatherbee House** — 238 Belmont Drive, Greenville, 387-2538, 332-8148. Changing art exhibits in restored late 19th century cottage. Open year round. Wednesday 1-3 and by appointment. Admission.

**Cottonlandia Museum** — Greenwood, 453-0925. Regional historical museum depicting history of the Delta over the past 10,000 years. Open year round except holidays, Tuesday - Friday 9-5, Saturday - Sunday 2-5. Free.

**Floewood River Plantation State Park** — Greenwood, 455-3821, 455-3822. Offers traditional museum displays and living history presentations of the lifestyle typical of antebellum cotton plantations. Museum open year round; plantation open March - November, except holidays; Tuesday - Saturday 9-5, Sunday 1-5. Admission.

**Winery Rushing** — Merigold, 748-2731. Includes 25 acres of vineyards and Mississippi's first winery since Prohibition. Restaurant, free wine tasting, grist mill featuring stone ground corn meal. Open year round, except holidays, Tuesday - Saturday 10-5.

**Governor's Mansion** — 300 E. Capital Street, Jackson, 359-3175. Restored Greek Revival mansion, home of Mississippi's governors since 1842; collection of 19th century decorative arts. Open year

round by appointment; Tuesday - Friday 9:30-11:30. Free.

**The Old Court House Museum** — Court Square, Vicksburg, 636-0741. Historical museum reflecting Southern heritage in 1858 Court House building. Open year round; Monday - Saturday 8:30-4:30, Sunday 1:30-4:30. Admission.

**Vicksburg National Military Park** — Vicksburg, MS, 636-0583. Encompasses entire battlefield of Civil War siege of Vicksburg and includes monuments and Visitors Center with museum displaying artifacts, dioramas and narrative film. Open year round; Monday - Sunday 8-5, June - August until 6. Free.

**Wister Gardens** — 1 mile north of Belzoni. A beautiful estate open for your enjoyment year round.

**Ethel Mohamed's Stitchery** — 307 Central, Belzoni. Call for appointment, 247-1433. Mrs. Mohamed has gained fame with her heirloom stitchery, and has work in the Smithsonian, Washington, D.C. and recently had reproductions made of one to be sold. Others not for sale.

**Riverboat Excursions — The Delta Queen and the Mississippi Queen** are authentic sternwheelers reminiscent of the riverboat era. These beautiful symbols of a bygone age are operated year round by the Delta Queen Steamboat Company, so all information concerning various cruise packages and schedules should be requested from your local travel agent or by contacting: Delta Queen Steamboat Company, 511 Main Street, Cincinnati, OH 45202, 1-800-543-1949.

**The Jefferson Davis Boat Cruise** offers narrative tours of the siege of Vicksburg as well as moonlight cruises on the Mississippi. These operate on a seasonal basis (mid-April through mid-September). For information and inquiries, contact: Jefferson Davis Boat Cruise, P.O. Box 664, Vicksburg, MS 39180, 636-9421.

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# It's never too late

by Janet Traylor

Many children dream of what they want to be when they grow up, but some don't, or can't. Sometimes it takes a long time for a person to determine the right job for him, especially when he wants to be certain that he's at least in the right neighborhood before he tries to find his way home. Choosing and changing careers are difficult enough in themselves, but the game of "pick-a-profession" is even more challenging when the player is a college graduate, married, and twenty-eight years old.

Dr. Robert G. Traylor, O.D., is one of those daredevils who decided to start over in an effort to find satisfaction in his career. In high school he had a strong background in math and science, and once at Millsaps continued the study of physics and trigonometry. When he transferred to the University of Mississippi, Traylor allowed math to take precedence in his education, and he received a master's degree in business administration with emphasis in accounting.

This training secured him a job with the US General Accounting Office, but he went into private accounting soon afterwards because he tired of the traveling that was involved with the government job.

Traylor worked for Southside Chevrolet Company in Batesville; his next job took him to Jackson, where he was employed by a CPA firm. "In between these two jobs," he says, "I married Anne Baddley of Water Valley."

Anne, a second grade teacher and graduate of Ole Miss, recalls that her husband really didn't enjoy reading through record books all day. "He was constantly having to

look for people's mistakes when he would have rather been helping others."



Dr. Robert G. Traylor

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***"He was constantly having to look for people's mistakes when he would have rather been helping others."***

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This dissatisfaction with numbers alone as a career lead Traylor to look for a way to reunite math with science. "I had many interesting jobs, but they didn't apply the math and science that I enjoyed most. My friend and neighbor Billy Harper suggested that I look into his field, optometry, because of my interest in these two subjects." Being an O.D. seemed to offer what he had been looking for.

The Southern College of Optometry in Memphis was the next and last school Traylor attended. Anne taught while Bob studied, and they lived in a tiny apartment among

other struggling would-be eye doctors.

"We used to sit on the steps and dream of someday having what we have now — a healthy child, a home, and a successful practice. There was no money for frills, but we didn't suffer for entertainment. All the men joined one of two fraternities and competed in sports; the women gathered for auxiliary meetings. We were all in the same boat together," recalls Anne.

During the three-year stay in Memphis, their son Jimmy was born. After Bob's graduation from SCO in 1963, he worked in Batesville in Harper's office while they waited for his state license. It was here that Bob decided he wanted to be his own boss.

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***"There must be something I can do that would let me off on New Year's to watch the Rebels play in the Sugar Bowl."***

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One instance stands out in his mind that influenced him the most in the direction of working for himself. "When I was working at the CPA firm in Jackson, I had to work on New Year's Day. We were auditing a furniture company. The Rebels were playing in the Sugar Bowl and I couldn't get off to watch it. I remember thinking, 'there must be something I can do that would let me off on New Year's to watch the Rebels play in the Sugar Bowl.' I can't say I've had the opportunity too many times since then, though.

"The nature of a solo practice appealed to me, so I went into independent business for myself. I've

*Continued on page 24*

# Like No Other Day

by Susanne Shaphren

William Vernon Hanley, just turned fifty, combed his thick brown hair and smiled as the mirror reflected the image of a much younger man. Five days a week, forty weeks a year, Hanley slid behind the shiny black wheel of a bright yellow bus and shepherded children of all sizes and shapes, all ages and abilities, to and from school.

He paused before entering the kitchen. Thirty years was a long time to live with one woman, but with Margie every day was wonderful. Time had been hard on her, but his loving eyes still saw the gleaming ebony hair and cherry glossed lips that had first attracted him.

"I'm leaving you, Vern." Margie slipped the words into his ears as casually as she usually scraped scrambled eggs onto his plate. Sitting opposite him, she poured the coffee and for one glorious moment Hanley allowed himself the luxury of pretending he'd misunderstood.

He stiffened suddenly and forced his lips to part. "Why? In the name of heaven, why?"

Instead of answering, Margie walked into the bedroom they'd shared too long for it to come to this. The lock clicked mockingly as she turned it. Hanley fondled the simple gold band she'd thrown on the table and cursed with the softness of a man who'd broken the habit decades ago. Damn her. She owed him an explanation, but there wasn't time to beg. Six thirty; he'd be late if he didn't hurry.

Glancing out the window, Hanley noticed dark clouds gathering to the crescendo that signaled a day of thundershowers and slippery roads.

He had to pull himself together and get going.

A bottle of whiskey had been the only luxury Hanley's father had permitted himself...the amber liquid reserved for the most special of occasions. There was a still sealed bottle of the silkiest blend money could buy in William Vernon Hanley's home too. Hanley knew that what he was about to do was wrong, very wrong, but his hands had already reached out and begun to open the bright foil.

"Margie's leavin' me, Pa." After justifying the unjustifiable to any ghost of his father's presence that might be within earshot, Hanley poured most of the bottle's contents into his thermos and greedily guzzled what was left.

While some well-developed reflex guided the '69 Ford sedan through familiar streets, Hanley alternated between the not-so-heady brew of past reflections and the very real intoxicating substance in the thermos.

For thirty years, he'd driven these streets, done his job, envied the teachers who were capable of giving the gift of knowledge. A teacher...how he had longed to be one and wear a white shirt and crisp slacks instead of the khaki uniform that always seemed to reek of sweat and gasoline. Money for college had been as much a dream then as the vision of Margie waiting for him that Hanley stubbornly clung to now.

By the time he reached the "barn" where school vehicles were stored, Hanley had worked up a warm rosy glow to shield himself from the morning's unpleasanties and memories. Bessie, waiting as always

in Stall 47, turned over eagerly at his gentle touch, her engine purring with the sweet sound of perfection.

"Let's get a move on, Bess." Bessie was the other woman in Hanley's life, but even when he was with her his thoughts never drifted far from Margie. Swinging out of the barn, Hanley missed the left barricade by a fraction of an inch.

It started drizzling as he delivered his first load. Bessie's long windshield wipers made a comforting, rhythmic sound as they whisked away the trickles of water.

"Bye, Mr. Hanley. Have a nice day."

"You too, Debby." He managed a smile for his special friend, closed the doors and moved Bessie into her parking slot. There was time for a quick cup of "coffee" if he hurried.

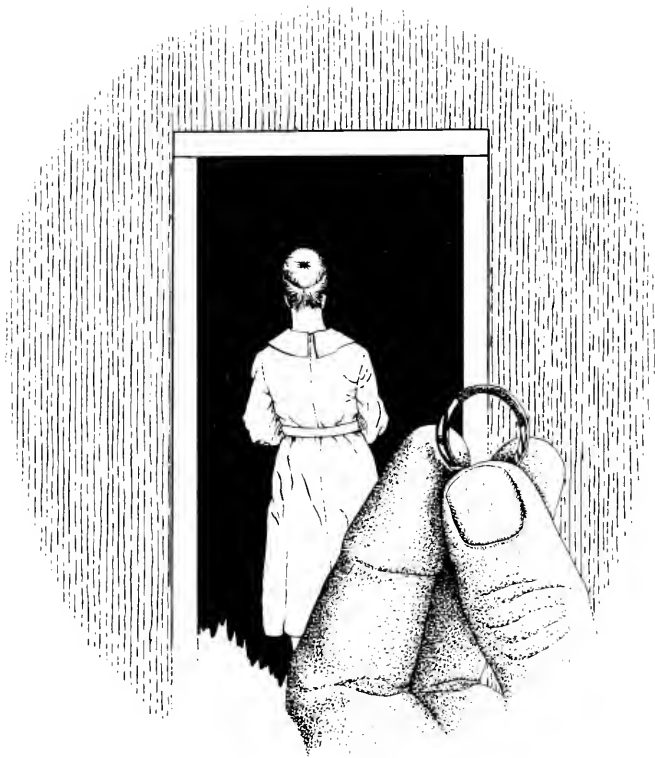
The sky brightened slightly during the second run, but by the time kindergarteners giggled their way to afternoon sessions, it was pouring steadily. Margie hadn't packed his lunch; Hanley settled for draining the contents of his thermos, saving just enough for a generous swig before the late afternoon rains.

First, second, and third graders got out at 2:15. Even in the rain, Hanley had them at their doors by 3:30. His perfect safety record was excelled only by his punctuality. Mothers never worried when Hanley was behind the wheel.

3:45...fourth and fifth graders shoving to be first in line settled down as soon as they saw Bessie turn into the school driveway. Heavy rain had frozen into sleet; an ominous chill somehow penetrated Hanley's alcohol-fueled internal heating system.

Continued





*Illustration by Ed Williams*

"I got a A in 'rithmetic," Debby Johnson bragged.

"Go sit down. NOW!" It was the first time Hanley had ever yelled at a child without provocation. Happy chatter dissolved into silence; Hanley could feel sixty pairs of shocked eyes burning through the back of his neck.

Bessie stalled as he tried to start her. "Oh, Bess, not you too!" The cold engine suddenly responded to his urgings and they were off.

Instinct sat in the driver's seat with William Vernon Hanley; instinct was

in full command. Hanley's eyes were directed toward the rear-view mirror and the frost-glazed windshield, but his mind's eye only saw Margie's lips forming the words, "I'm leaving you."

The horrible shriek of tires skidding jolted him back to reality. As a battered red Mustang weaved wildly from lane-to-lane, three teenagers in the front seat laughed, apparently enjoying their dangerous ride. Every muscle in Hanley's body tensed as he found himself suddenly sober and very scared. Sixty young lives

were in his hands and in the hands of that punk piloting the Mustang.

Like a clumsy ballet dancer, Bessie struggled to avoid her flamboyant partner. Hanley kept her moving just fast enough to stay out of the way, not fast enough to risk a skid he couldn't pull her out of.

A lightning-felled tree stopped the red Mustang with a split-second crash; Hanley's miraculously alert reflexes braked Bessie several feet short of the dangerous obstacle.

"Peter, you come with me. The rest of you sit in those seats like I personally glued your bottoms there. Got it?" This time his voice was intentionally harsh.

"Son, you carry this," Hanley passed the heavy first aid kit to the boy, knowing it would slow him down enough so the veteran driver could evaluate the crash and decide if he could manage without the boy's help.

It wasn't until ambulances had come for the teenagers, until the sixty children had been safely transported home, until his black sedan came to rest in the carport and the back door had been unlocked, that the full impact of the day's events struck William Vernon Hanley. It was then that he slumped in the dinette chair and wept unashamedly for what he had lost. Though he might not have admitted it, he also thanked God for giving him and Bessie the strength to save those kids.

"Thank God." "Please God." The phrases were rusty from disuse, atrophied into impotence, or were they? There had been times when

Continued on page 21

# Nghia-Tu

by Wes Brewer

The room was buzzing with conversation, some in Vietnamese and some in English. No one was listening in any language. Thao was sprawled on the floor coloring a piece of paper. She would color for a while and then bring the paper and show it to me. I would inspect it, then hand it back to her with a smile and a nod.

To the casual observer, this could have been any five-year-old girl seeking an approving nod from an old man that she liked. In this case, however, it went much deeper than that. We were playing a favorite game of old lovers called "Do you remember?"

The crayons with which Thao was coloring were the remnants of the first gift that I had bought for her. They were not the first gift that I had given her, but the first that I had bought especially for her. She now had other and new crayons, but sometimes she would get out the stubs of these crayons and reenact the receiving of the gifts.

Thao caught my eye, looked toward the front door and back at me. I nodded and stood up. She jumped up and ran to her room. Her mother, who had been watching, followed Thao to her room. When she brought Thao back to me, she had discarded her oriental pajamas and replaced them with American jeans and T-shirt. From her ears hung a pair of small gold earrings. She was pulling on her coat as she came to me. It was the coat that I had given her. It was not even a new coat; just something that I happened to have left over from some past project. In spite of this, it was now her favorite coat.

We both knew the rules of the game that we were about to play. We would remember and reenact scenes from our very short past. As

soon as we were out the door, Thao stopped where the porch swing had hung until it had to be stored for the winter. She touched her eyes with her fingers and laughed. This was to remind us of her tricycle with the happy face on the front with the very round eyes, so different from her oriental eyes.

This had been our first attempt to communicate. I knew from that moment that I would never be a match for Thao's sagacity. As soon as she had seen that the ice was broken, she had put her face down on her arms and giggled. Then she had run back into the house where the workmen were installing new bathroom fixtures. She returned with a piece of styrofoam that had been used for packing, put it on her tricycle seat and sat on it. Then she had looked at me as if to dare me to try to repossess the treasure. When I smiled and nodded, she had giggled again.

Thao now took my hand and led me down the steps and out to the sidewalk to the spot where we had first met. Thao's parents had come to see about renting the house. Mr. Le, who had come along to act as interpreter, introduced me to the parents but ignored the little child. Nevertheless, I had smiled at her and she had returned my smile.

We had all gone in to inspect the house except Thao, who was still in the car. Then we had come back out to discuss terms because the painters were busy inside. Thao had climbed out of the car and run to her mother. We had exchanged self-conscious smiles while the negotiations were in progress. There had been nothing earth-shaking about this exchange of smiles. I always smile at children and most of them return my smile. Thao, however, now considers this part of our story and she always insists upon replaying it.

Now Thao took my hand and led me down the driveway to the spot where the plumbers had dug up the sewer. Here was where we had touched one another for the first time. The plumbers had been running a root cutting snake through the sewer and Thao had come to stand beside the hole to watch. I had reached out and put my hand on her back to steady her and she had grasped my shirt sleeve with one of my small hands. When she tired of watching, she had picked a small blossom and put the stem through a button hole in the front of my shirt. I had acknowledged this act of friendship by taking her hands into mine and gently squeezing them. She had pulled away and run into the house only to reappear almost immediately with a blank piece of paper.

Thao had come back to where I was standing and pulled on my sleeve until I squatted down to her level. She had reached and taken a pen from my pocket and looked at me with an expression I interpreted as asking permission to use the pen. I had smiled and nodded and she had run to the front porch with the paper and pen.

Later when I joined her, she had handed me the paper on which she had drawn a little girl. I had taken the paper and pen and written "Pretty girl" under the picture. She had scratched that out and replaced it with "Thao. Then she had touched the picture with her finger and then touched her chest with the same finger. "Thao," she had said.

"Thao," I had repeated while reaching for the paper.

After have drawn a stick man on the paper and printed "Wes" under it, I had touched the stick man and then my chest and said "Wes".

"Wes," she had repeated. These were the first words that had ever passed between us. Much had been



*Illustration by Ed Williams*

accomplished by this interchange. Now we had been formally introduced. Now we had to reenact this entire scene. There were no flowers in bloom, but a small sprig of privet served as a substitute. The drawing of the pictures was done on imaginary paper.

Thao now took my hand and led me to the back yard. At the corner of the house, we sat down and pulled the grass back from the foundation. This was where we had caught crickets on several occasions. There were no crickets there now because they had gone underground or wherever crickets go in the winter. Still we had to go through the motion of catching them.

Our next stop was the fence between her back yard and the neighbor's yard. Here we reenacted the scene where she had been

frightened by the neighbor's pup and later had become very friendly with it. Although the pup was not in the yard, we still had to go through the motion of playing with him. While we were squatting at the fence, Thao climbed onto my shoulder and sat straddle my neck just as she had done that first time.

Had I unconsciously given her a signal that I would welcome a little more intimacy, or had she decided to take matters into her own hands? I did not know. All that I knew was that suddenly she had been up there holding onto my forehead. I had stood up, taking her up with me. Suddenly, Thao began to grunt and squirm excitedly. Had I raised her up into the limbs of the tree? I started to back away from the tree, but Thao became more excited and started waving her arms and poin-

ting to a leaf. Upon investigating, I discovered an abandoned locust shell hanging onto a leaf. I carefully retrieved the leaf and handed it to Thao. She had taken it and then signaled that she was ready to be set down.

Thao was now settled upon my shoulder just as she had been that first time, so I stood up. The locust shell was now gone and so were the leaves, but I pulled an imaginary shell from a nonexistent leaf and handed it to her. Then I set her down.

She climbed down, took my hand, and led me to the fig tree that she had helped me plant. She picked up imaginary clods of dirt and crumbled them into a hole that had long since been filled. Then she held her

*Continued on page 22*

# camelot mornings

*Crisp morning, fog a shroud  
Cloaking an enchanted land.*

*Steam rises off meandering  
Bogues and bayous grand.*

*Endolent days of dreaming,  
Thoughts oozing the hours away.*

*Feel the rhythm of the Delta,  
As morning has its way.*

*Fog over the bayou,  
Canebreaks through the mist.*

*Trees and distant buildings,  
Seem by some magic kissed.*

*Arise now from your slumber,  
Shake your sleep away.*

*For the Delta sun is rising,  
Let's go out and play.*

---

*Kaye Henderson Warner is a resident of Merigold, Mississippi and graduated from Delta State University with a degree in Speech and Learning Disabilities, and attended the University of Mississippi majoring in anthropology. She is presently a speech therapist in the public schools in Cleveland, Ms.*

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*Illustration by Samuel Little*



# Modeling~ Not just sitting pretty

By Jaymee Vowell



*Melissa Turner at McCarty's, Merigold, Mississippi.*

A sophisticated woman with a slight accent stands in the corner of a stage waiting for the crowd to quiet down so that the show can begin. The audience eagerly anticipates a first-hand look at the latest fashions. The show begins and for at least half an hour these people are entertained by and transported to the glittery world of high fashion. Models parade down the runway and twirl to the tempo of soft-playing music. Yet to the surprise of many, the models who are performing are not from some large agency in New York or Dallas, but from the campus of Delta State University in Cleveland, Mississippi.

The Delta Models, first organized in 1977, represent the University throughout the state. Fashion shows are organized for local area civic groups, country clubs, various groups on campus, and for recruiting students to the Division of Home Economics and to DSU. In the past the Delta Models have even caught national attention by appearing on the NBC show "Real People." During the current spring semester, along with numerous other shows, the group is planning a four day Gulf-Coast trip, to recruit in junior colleges and high schools along the way and to visit alumni clubs.

One might assume that a person has to be six-feet tall, slim, and blond to be a Delta Model. But according to Mrs. Verlee Carr, Director of the Delta Models through the Spring of 1985, this is not true. She said that she likes to think of the group as a "true reflection of student life on campus, including all races, cultures, and student population. The models make up a group of multi-talented personalities with many unique looks." The amateur squad has both males and females. Models as small

as 5' 4" are on the squad as well as brunettes and red-heads. The student models have a variety of majors from Pre-Med to Accounting. Models are serious, dedicated students and tend to be some of the busiest people on campus. Many have outside jobs and are involved in various extracurricular activities such as athletics.

The life of a Delta Model may seem glamorous, but one should take a good look at the effort that goes on behind the scenes. The squad is selected at try-outs during the fall semester of each year. The students receive one-hour of credit per semester for a maximum of four hours or two years. "Everyone must try out again each fall regardless of previous experience," said Mrs. Carr. "This gives all the new students on campus an equal chance to try out."

Models gather in a scheduled class meeting once a week for discussion and workshop sessions. During the workshop sessions occasionally an outside professional model is brought in to bring the class up to date on current modeling tips. This past fall, Mrs. Dixie Wright, a professional model with experience in Houston and Mrs. Carr's successor, did several sessions with the female models. These workshops concentrated on run-way modeling as well as stage make-up.

The squad also takes part in photo sessions where photographer Virginia Rayner takes studio as well as location shots. The resulting slides are used for the university catalog, Public Information Services,

the Fashion Merchandising Department, campus slide shows, as well as for the background of many Delta Models' shows.

Students are also required at some point while on the squad to enroll in the Fashion Show Production class where they learn in depth about models, modeling, and the types of fashion shows produced. In addition to this activity, the student models must contract for a grade, maintain at least a 2.0 GPA, and act as a student co-ordinator for one or more of the shows.

The most hectic of all their responsibilities is the show itself. Two or three days before a show the director gives each model the name of a certain store. The model then has to make an appointment with



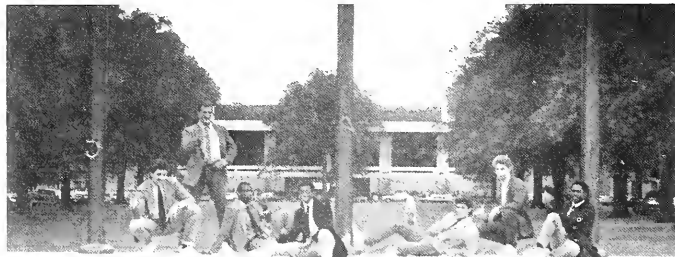
*Terri Griffis advertising perfume at Kamien's in Cleveland.*

the retailer. On the day of the appointment the model must help the retailer select clothes in various categories and then the garments must be fitted. After the selecting and fitting of the apparel the model must write a very detailed description of all the garments that he or she will model. The description enables Mrs. Carr to do commentary during the show.

Someone then has to select a format for the show. The music has to be selected, timed, and recorded. The models must remember who they follow, what outfits they are to model, how fast they must dress, and what to do once they step on stage. They have to be extremely careful with the clothing they are wearing. No make-up must be allowed to get on the garments, the price tags can't be mixed up, and the clothes must be hung up properly. All this has to be taken care of in a matter of minutes. Sometimes a model has only a few seconds to change completely from one outfit to another and then be back on stage. The life of a Delta Model is not all glamorous. It takes



*Jaymee Vowell, the author, in a rustic setting for a photography session.*



*DELTA STATE UNIVERSITY*

*Some of the male Delta Models at the flag plaza of Delta State University.*

plenty of hard work and commitment.

Many people may wonder what would make a student want to take on that kind of responsibility. What do they receive in return? These students learn to differentiate between many types of fashion modeling, including runway, tea-room, trunk show, and informal modeling. They are able to recognize the importance of the relationship between the model, fashion co-ordinator, and retail merchant in the selection process and fitting of apparel. The photo sessions the models are exposed to

allows them to become familiar with the different techniques and environments of photographic modeling, both in a studio and on location. They are able to develop a feeling for and appreciate beautiful clothing and to be able to communicate this to an audience. The models are also able to develop greater self confidence and poise. Most importantly, this experience can be a stepping stone to a very rewarding career.

Significantly, Mrs. Carr acts as ring-master for thirty students. A native of Australia, she adds a unique flair to any fashion produc-

tion. She graduated from East Sydney Technical College, then began her career as the fashion co-ordinator for "David Jones" where she was in charge of hiring models for newspaper advertising. She even designed her own line of clothes which were labeled "Napsac." But in 1977 she gave all of that up, married a United States citizen and flew across the waters to the "good ole USA." The American she married was Dr. Michael Carr, currently a professor of Special Education at Delta State University. Mrs. Carr took over the Delta Models in 1983 and has kept them going strong. Her career in Australia has made her a very versatile asset in the Fashion Merchandising Department.

The last model makes her way gracefully off the stage now and all the models come back onto the stage for a finale. Some of them are wearing blue jeans and mini-skirts and others have on tuxedos and evening gowns. Above the audience's appreciative applause can be heard a voice with a slight accent saying, "If you are ever interested in using the Delta Models in any of your local areas or on your campus I'd like to hear from you. You may contact me in the Home Economics Department of Delta State University. We love to travel!" The curtain goes down, the spotlights are turned off, and the crowd drifts out. The models are beginning to pack up their belongings as the lady with the accent sticks her head into one of the dressing rooms and says, "Be sure to be in class Monday because we have two shows to get ready for next week."

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*Jaymee Vowell is presently a senior at Delta State University majoring in English and minoring in Journalism. She received the Hodding Carter Journalism Scholarship in 1985 and is a weekend reporter for WXVT in Greenville.*

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*Jill Jones at Pavillon Tower on Delta State Campus.*







Thomas entered the same contest and placed second. This scene was filled with mallards in a cold foggy background.

The Mississippi Duck Stamp Competition in 1983 brought him the twenty-fourth place with a close-up of a flying female and male mallard. In 1984 he was among the top ten in the Mississippi Duck Stamp with a close-up of a male and female wood duck in flying position.

In the summer of 1984 one of Thomas' paintings was selected to be placed on display in California at the Federal Duck Stamp exhibit. The subject was a male and female red head close-up, both in the flying position.

As a young boy Thomas could sketch pictures from books and magazines with precise detail, but it wasn't until he entered high school that he began painting. While taking an art course, Thomas' talent was recognized by his instructor, Bob Tompkins. Mr. Tompkins, a wildlife painter, introduced Thomas to painting. Starting with the basics, Thomas soon progressed from still life to wildlife.

Thomas entered his first two paintings in the state Scholastic Art Contest. The two still lifes, a fruit arrangement and a clay pot with a gardening glove and potting soil, won blue ribbons in the state. The clay pot went on to the national competition where it received a gold medal.

His confidence boosted, Thomas began tackling the finer points of duck painting. Duck painting displays the expertise of a wildlife artist. Before a new duck painting, Thomas learns everything he can about the anatomy of his subject. The colors, placement of feathers, the shape of the head, and the size of the body are just a few things he learns. With each different kind of duck comes a new set of informations. A lot of research goes into each painting.

What resources does Thomas use? Thomas explains, "I use photographs, first hand experience, memory, and for reference — other paintings." He spends a lot of time hunting his subjects. "I go to where the action is — in the wood," he adds.

Although Thomas hunts ducks, he is no ordinary duck hunter. He doesn't carry a gun — only his camera. Thomas smiles, "I would rather shoot ducks with my camera."

Fall and winter are the best times of the year to take pictures of ducks. Ducks migrate from Canada and stop in Mississippi. Wood ducks stop and nest in Mississippi, but mallards are the most common around here. The only place to find them is in flooded timber areas, river and lake shores, and possibly flooded rice fields.

Taking such photos seems like a lot of work. Thomas explains, "It takes a lot of patience. The weather is cold and wet. I have to get off the trails and go into the deep woods. I have to tread through deep freezing water. It's tough."

Where are Thomas' favorite hunting grounds? "Mostly Yazoo National Wildlife Refuge and along the Mississippi," he says.

Because color is so important in painting, Thomas likes to paint wood ducks, mallards, and shovellers, noting, "All these are colorful, but the wood ducks are the most popular among the audience."

Besides duck painting, Thomas began to paint deer this past year. He has also tried his hand at crafts and has even painted ducks and deer on wallets and purses. He even painted a landscape scene on a saw.

Thomas' painting room has a faint smell of turpentine and oil. The painting table is filled with brushes, paints, and a can filled with cleaning solutions. A pallet full of colors lies beside the table. Stuffed duck mounts sit around waiting to be examined and copied. In the middle of the table sits a painting and just behind that sits the painter.

Thomas begins his paintings by first cutting a piece of hard board to an exact measure. He then sands it and primes the board with a smelly solution. After all this Thomas sketches his subject onto the board and then starts painting.

Thomas prefers hard board to canvas. "Hard board is easier to work on. The surface is smooth and the texture is better."

Thomas uses oil paint and various types and sizes of brushes. He likes to use water color brushes because they are cheaper. Detail work takes

a special size of brush. "A number 1 is good for details," explains Thomas.

Why does Thomas use oil paint? "Mostly the look of it. The color and how the paint works is important. The way it works and length of drying time is also. The texture is better with oil," says Thomas.

The brushes begin to get a bit thick with all this painting so Thomas uses "good ole turpentine" to clean them.

Photography is another of Thomas' talents. He likes black and white film because "you get a different impact. Instead of seeing color, you see images, composition, and depth."

Thomas has his own darkroom where he develops his black and white film. The darkroom is located in his bed room. He has blacked out the light by placing aluminum foil over the windows and has built his own work table and cabinets, which contain drying racks and storage shelves. An enlarger, which enlarges negatives to print size, is at one end. The top of the table is filled with color-coated thongs and all sorts of equipment used in developing film. There is a timer and the all important "red light" at the other end. Besides the equipment, photographs surround the room.

Thomas likes developing his own film. He says, "You can do as much in the darkroom as you can in the field with the camera."

Thomas does consider some of his photography art work. "Portraits and some nature scenes. Not all my photography is art."

Abstract and pop art seem to be popular, but Thomas doesn't think it's for him. "That stuff isn't real. I think it's unrecognizable. It has no purpose or meaning," says Thomas.

Sketches of people and nature are also among Thomas' accomplishments. He uses a pencil called Ebony with a soft and thick lead. It smudges easily and is very black. In his den hangs an interesting pencil sketch of a Cougar relaxing on a tree limb. The detail is amazing.

Thomas doesn't have a job other than his art. He has in the past but feels that it takes away from his time to paint. At the moment he buys his supplies and other materials when

he sells a painting or from odd jobs.

What are Thomas' plans for the future? He wants to go to school and learn more in his field. He says, "I don't want to depend on painting professionally. I would like to go into commercial art." Is it true that artists are poor? Thomas jokes, "Well I'm not rich."

The public can see his work displayed at Sporting World in Greenville.

Just this year Thomas placed sixth in the Mississippi Duck Stamp Competition. He painted a male and female shoveler. At the moment he is working on a painting for Ducks Unlimited "Artist of the Year". It looks very promising.

If he wins it will open up doors in his field and give him more opportunity. Will this painting be the winner? Thomas smiles, "Let's wait and see."

---

*Cherry Thomas is now attending Delta State University with a major in Home Economics and a minor in English.*

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# The Minskys

G. Ann Fisher

I cannot remember what Mrs. Minsky looked like. Not really. Not from a grown-up viewpoint. But when I was a little girl and lived across the street from her she seemed old, tiny, smiley, and sweetly beautiful.

Her little house was tranquil and she had a fat Persian cat called Puddin' and flowers all outside. She taught me to garden there, and we spent endless hours digging in that sweet little spot. Puddin' kept us company purring from bed to bed unless she was lazy with coming kittens. Then she'd plump down in a shady patch of mint and crushed leaves would send a summery smell over us all. The mint in my garden today brings back fat Puddin'.

Sometimes Mrs. Minsky and I went into her cool kitchen to drink iced tea for a bit, but we mostly stayed outside and were interrupted by the phone or visitors or bridge ladies like over at my house. There was just us. Except on Fridays.

Mr. Minsky came home from his traveling salesman job on Fridays. Those days we hardly gardened at all; we had to do some real cooking. Stabbing an ice pick into a roast to push in garlic pieces time and time again was important work. So was shelling fresh peas, and creaming mashed potatoes, and making him a pie.

I loved and dreaded Friday. Loved because I liked fat, laughing Mr. Minsky, and because he was a candy salesman and always brought me a present. It was always the same present — a tiny white sample box with four wrapped Kraft caramels inside. Since Kraft only made three flavors — chocolate, butterscotch,

and caramel — the surprise each week was which flavor would be doubled up. The best weeks were two chocolate weeks, but I never told Mr. Minsky.

The thing I dreaded about Friday was that I lost her until he left again on Monday. Weekends I spent on my side of the street doing stuff I had to and hated, like buying clothes or visiting Daddy's old aunt in the wheelchair, or church two times on Sunday, or piano theory class Saturday morning. Each time Mother drove me away from Thistle Street I yearned toward Mrs. Minsky's tiny happy little house where I knew they were — their rusting car standing unmoved from its snug garage.

When Mr. Minsky drove it in on Fridays he'd squeeze out between the car and the unpainted wall hung with gardening tools and he never seemed to get in it again until Monday when he left to try to sell candy. So glad to be home with her? So tired of his driving job? So careful of costs? I only thought about that later, after the horror set me thinking and after I'd grown up some. Then I did wonder why they never went shopping or to visit people or to church or anywhere like my family did.

The Minskys were not family friends, just nodding acquaintance neighbors. But she was my own special friend for years — until I outgrew her — I guess at about ten years old. Roller skating and downtown movies drew me away from her garden and into girl groups. I never really missed her either, until the day they died and confusion caught me, but I have missed her ever since.

"Suicide Pact Kills Couple," our newspaper headlined it. "Mr. and Mrs. Saul Minsky of 802 Thistle Street found dead Sunday. Milkman discovers two bodies near gas stove. Relatives being sought."

I grieved without understanding while grown-ups tsk-tsked, "His job wasn't much," or "Some say she didn't have real good health," and "Where did they come from anyway talking like they did? No part of these United States." The saddest one to overhear was, "They kept alone. No one around here really knew them." The grown-ups could not explain, I could not understand, and I felt so terrible. Gone! Gone without good-bye or my saying I love you! The absoluteness of death darkened life for the first time, and it had to be borne alone. There was no one who felt it with me. No one who would cry the deep sobs, or share the never agains. No one to weep because they carefully took Puddin' away with them. There were days of trying to look and trying not to look at the house across the street.

Then, in what seemed like a very little while, strangers were living in the neat little house and it wasn't smiling anymore.

Now, far away, with children of my own, and a garden in yellow blossom, I think of those childless, kindly neighbors, and I still don't understand. But I love them.

---

*G. Ann Fisher is a graduate of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. Presently a resident of Greenville, Ms., she has studied under Dorothy Shawhan and Nan Ricketts.*

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Continued from page 9

he'd spoken to that mystical being, but had there ever been an answer? "Hey, God, save this little kid for Margie if not for me and I'll do just about anything," he had prayed so very long ago.

In thirty years of marriage that one endless week when Margie had brought their son into the world, named him after his father and watched him die had been the only time they'd slept apart.

Hanley's body demanded rest but he knew he couldn't face the bed, cold and uninviting without Margie's delicate hands to smooth back the covers, so unbearably large without her hundred pounds of warmth to fill it.

A man, a real man, didn't crawl on his belly and beg but he did reach out and reclaim what was rightfully his, what he needed to make his world whole again.

Hanley argued with himself only momentarily before reaching for the flowered telephone index. He'd call every last number in Margie's book if he had to.

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Continued from page 11

hands out to me so that I could take my handkerchief and wipe the imaginary mud from her fingers. Then she again took my hand and started leading me back to the house.

She surprised me then by veering off to the side and pulling me to the plum tree that I had planted without her help. Thao had seen me planting the tree but had refused to come out of the house. I guess that it was because I had some other kids with me. Was it that she was shy around children that did not speak her language or was it simply jealousy? I had no way of knowing because this was the first time that she had mentioned the plum tree. Now she shook the tree to see that it was firmly planted. Was she forgiving me for having brought these alien beings into our world? Maybe when she learns to speak English, she will tell me about it.

Having found the plum tree to be correctly planted, Thao took my hand and led me back into the house where we returned to her coloring. This was the most important part of our remembering game.

Once, soon after Thao and I had met, she had been sprawled on the floor coloring while I was seated on the couch. Suddenly she had jumped up and run to me and kissed me upon the cheek. This show of affection was certainly not unwelcome, but it so surprised me that I jumped. This reaction must have told Thao that she was going too far too fast because in all of our games of remembering, she had not tried to reenact this scene. I must correct this misconception.

"You like Thao," her mother had said. Was it a statement or a question?

"Yes," I had answered.

"Thao say please you be her grandfather," her mother had said. She was saying something about both of Thao's grandfathers behind in Vietnam but I was not paying attention. I was thinking about her new grandfather who was there with her. What was the word that I had looked up in the Vietnamese-English dictionary? "Nghia-tu" meant adopted child. If there was a word for adopted grandchild, I had not

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been able to find it. I would have to go with what I had.

"Nghia-tu?" I asked Thao. Her smile gave me the answer that I wanted.

Now Thao and I were seated on the couch with her crayons and paper. We were discussing her work of art with smiles, frowns, and nods. Mr. Le and Thao's mother came to join us.

"Need an interpreter?" Mr. Le asked.

"Not really," I replied, "Thao and I communicate quite well."

"Next month Thao start school, learn speak English," her mother told me. This was welcome news. This should open up new horizons for us.

Suddenly I shivered. Will our romance lose some of its magic when we are able to communicate with the spoken word just as other grandfathers and grandchildren do? It is certainly a sobering thought.

---

*Wesley Brewer graduated from Mississippi State University and is presently retired. He also serves as the president of the Memphis Writers Guild and treasurer of the Mid-South Writers Association.*

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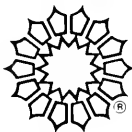
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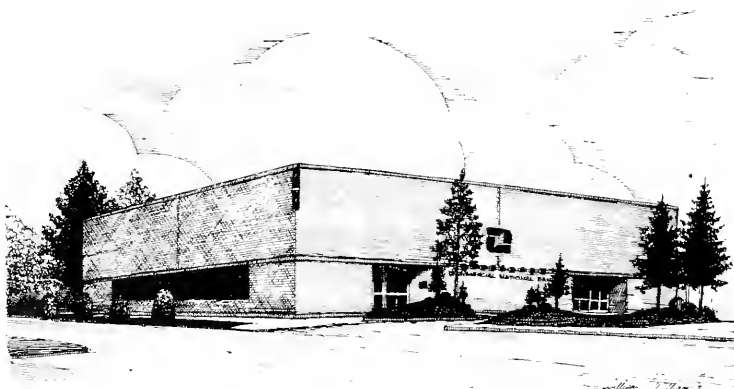
always liked north Mississippi, and Clarksdale seemed to have a lot of opportunity," This Delta town was obviously a good place to begin his new life, for after a few years Traylor had established his own realm of patients. Now he enjoys the advantages of his long years of schooling and seeking satisfaction.

"My profession grows more satisfying every day. I make people happy and they receive direct benefit from my work. They are happier and more productive themselves."

The doctor illustrates his fulfillment with a story of one of his patients, a little boy who had been complaining about not being able to see in school. "He was very near-sighted, couldn't see twelve inches in front of him," he said with a smile. "I fixed him up with a pair of glasses and he walked out of the office into the street looking around, not saying a word. Finally he stopped and said 'golly' (with the Southern accent that stretches the word into an entire four-syllable

Continued

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Continued from page 15

sentence) — 'I didn't know you could see all those signs and trees and birds in the sky!' **That** makes my work worthwhile."

Traylor enjoys optometry so much that he considers his involvement in professional-related associations as one of his hobbies. He's worked in the Mississippi Optometric Association for many years and has held all of the office positions. He is also one of the few in the history of the organization to have held the presidency of the MOA for two consecutive terms. Presently serving as Third Vice President of the Southern Council of Optometry, a twelve-state group and the world's largest optometric union, Traylor will be promoted to each office in the league until he reaches the presiding chair in five years.

A past president of the Clarksdale Exchange Club, Traylor is also an elder of the Presbyterian church, which he considers very important. "I hold this in my highest regard of all I do."

His other hobby is restoring old furniture in his backyard garage. "I've always liked to make things with wood. When I was growing up I built guns, wagons, and treehouses." This creative pastime has provided him with many hours of relaxation, and a home furnished with many lovely pieces that he and Anne have refinished.

Working with wood, reading, playing the guitar, and traveling to associational conferences pass away the hours that Bob has set aside for himself as leisure time, if there really is such a luxury for doctors. He is a very fulfilled individual and feels no regrets for having changed occupations. A contented servant of his community, Bob Traylor is an exception to the "you'd better hurry and decide on a job" rule. Although it required much studying and sacrifice, his switch gave him a purpose and he is happy. He is a very good example of the saying that "it's never too late to change."

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*Janet Traylor is presently a student at Delta State University. She also serves as editor of the university newspaper, and circulation manager of DELTA SCENE Magazine. She plans to pursue a career in journalism.*

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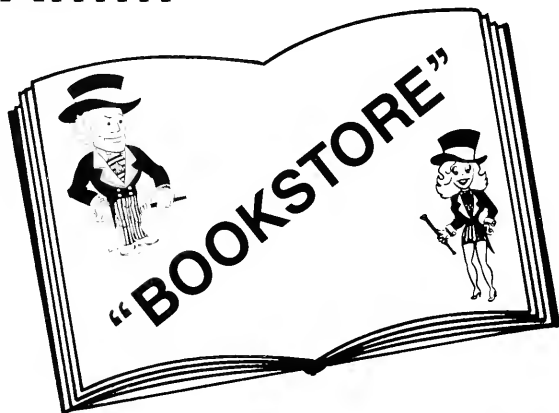
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Continued from page 21

Dialing his sister-in-law's number, Hanley didn't even wait for the first ring before shouting "Margie" into the receiver.

"Yes, Vern...yes." He dropped the phone and whirled toward the bedroom. All this time Margie had been right here in this house not fifteen feet from where he sat alternately praying and cursing the existence of God.

"Why did you come back?"

"I never left!" Tear-filled eyes begged him not to press for an explanation, but Hanley had lived with her too long to settle for anything less and Margie knew it.

"I can't tell you exactly why I was leaving or where I was going because I don't know myself. When I looked into the mirror this morning, a shriveled old prune stared back at me. She had nothing to show for the best years of her life but carefully scrubbed floors that got dirty again and a tiny tombstone instead of a son.

"All morning and most of the afternoon, that stranger kept telling me to do something while I still could. After counting out the money in the sugar bowl and packing my suitcase, I called the bus station and asked about schedules. I was almost dressed when I heard about the accident..."

"...and you felt guilty." Hanley completed the sentence for her.

NO! I realized how very close I'd come to losing you. I love you, Vern. It's not your fault we're getting old, not anybody's fault the dreams didn't come true." She came towards him slowly, hesitantly, afraid of having said and done too much to still be welcome in his arms.

They sat quietly talking for hours just as they had done three decades ago after that first blind date.

It had been a damnable day like no other Hanley could remember, but the first streaks of dawn's light told him it was finally over. Margie's warmth in his arms made it clear this one day would soon fade into its properly dim perspective.

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*Susanne Shaphren is a free-lance writer whose fiction and articles have appeared in a variety of national publications.*

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# Mississippi River Magic

by Kaye Henderson Warner

*The river passes slowly by  
Eternal as the wind.*

*Murmurings in the trees  
Speak of an age-old Friend.*

*Sunlight filters through the leaves  
And glistens at water's edge.*

*As flickers of a party dress  
Are glimpsed beyond a hedge.*

*And laughter drifts on a Summer night  
As voices rise and fall.*

*The rhythm of the Delta  
Throbs within us all.*

*In gaiety and laughter  
Through our sorrows and our tears*

*Still flows the Mississippi  
And sweeps away our fears.*

*Its whirlpools represent our strife  
Its secrets it holds deep*

*But the vitality of its endlessness  
Is the strength its people keep.*

*We may not see the river  
Yet we feel the awesome pull.*

*And when we find ourselves at riverside  
It fills us ever full.*

*The Summer sandbars sparkle  
the diamonds are but sand.*

*And yet it is our treasure  
Our amusement promised land.*

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# Book Review

by Rebecca Hood-Adams

## OF MAGNOLIA AND MESQUITE

Bless their hearts, Southern girls are so resourceful.

Typical of that flair which prompted Miz Scarlett to commandeer the parlor drapes for a courtin' gown, a new cookbook has emerged to become the talk of Delta gourmets. Suzanne Corder and Gay Thompson's **Of Magnolia and Mesquite** has all the elegance of a

fancy ball gown, but its recipes reflect a downhome practicality worthy of "curtains-to-crinoline" ingenuity.

Co-author Suzanne Wilson Corder is a Mississippian with solid Delta connections. A native of Vicksburg, Suzanne earned her degree in elementary education from Delta State University in 1972. "But even

then, I knew I'd rather cook than teach," she said during a recent interview at Indianola's Antique Mall where an autograph party was in progress.

Married to Indianola native Jim Corder, Suzanne was content with life in her husband's hometown.



*Congratulating Suzanne Corder (second from right) on her new cookbook during a recent autograph party at Indianola's Antique Mall are: (from left) Mrs. Barry Wood of Indianola, Antique Mall owner and Suzanne's former catering partner, Evelyn Roughton of Indianola; Marcia Walt of Cleveland; Mrs. Corder; and Martha Wheeler of Cleveland.*



Authors of twin-taste cookbook *Of Magnolia and Mesquite* Gay Thompson and Suzanne Corder (on right).

Raising three children — son Marshall and daughters, Christi and Kendall — kept her busy. She had just joined forces with Antique Mall owner Evelyn Roughton, a gifted cook in her own right, to open a catering business. Pretty, hard-working and charming, Suzanne was the typical “Junior League” woman — well, almost. When that whirlwind of modern mobility — hubby’s promotion — swept her away to Texas, Suzanne made necessity a virtue.

Settled in Plainview, Texas, where her husband is regional manager for Riverside-Terra, Inc., Suzanne had scarcely unpacked the coffee pot when fate in the form of Southern hospitality intervened. New neighbor Gay Thompson came calling and brought with her a delicious cheese-filled bread. The two women became fast friends. They shared not only a love of cooking, but also enjoyed planning menus and entertaining dinner guests. That was 1983. Today, their cookbook *Of Magnolia and Mesquite* is in its second printing.

Gay Thompson is a native of the Piney Woods of East Texas who moved to the South Plains of the Texas panhandle. Married to Gayle Thompson, a farmer and agricultural consultant, Gay had a reputation around Plainview as a gracious hostess and willing “recipe sharer.” When Gay and Suzanne teamed up, cooking magic was born.

Gay contributed the “mesquite” flavor to the cookbook. “These are not Tex-Mex recipes,” said Suzanne. “They’re Texas-elegant.”

Indeed, *Of Magnolia and Mesquite* boasts recipes fit for J.R. Ewing himself. Lamb Shanks in Wine, Chocolate Almond Mousse, Artichoke Quiche — recipes certain to dazzle your party guests.

Suzanne’s Mississippi recipes add a “won’t-you-folks-drop-over-for-supper” quality. But make no mistake, they are as glamorous and tasty as anything served at a South Fork soiree. The real virtue of this cookbook is the practical nature of the recipes. Mississippi Caviar is just one example of basic “country” cooking all dressed up for town:

---

4 cups cooked blackeye peas  
Thinly sliced onions  
Cracked pepper  
1 cup oil  
2 cloves garlic  
1/4 cup wine vinegar  
Parsley  
1/8 teaspoon Tabasco  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 can (2 1/4 ounce) pitted ripe olives  
2 jalapeno peppers, seeded & sliced  
6 slices crisp bacon, crumbled

---

Put the oil, garlic, vinegar, parsley, Tabasco and salt in the blender. Mix at high speed. Pour over drained peas. Add onions and pepper. Marinate overnight. Add the olives and peppers. Cover with crumbled bacon. This keeps in the refrigerator over a week. It may be served as a vegetable side dish or as an appetizer with crackers.

“We knew a two-region cookbook would have a wider appeal,” said Suzanne. “And while we wanted to offer a good, general cookbook, we also wanted to solve certain problems, too.”

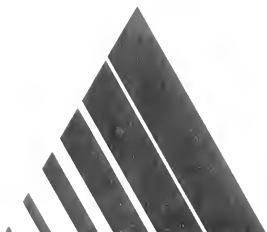
“Working women and especially young brides simple don’t have the time or the money to spend days in the kitchen preparing for a dinner party,” she said. “One of the major obstacles for most ‘I’d-love-to-but-don’t’ hostesses is planning a menu. The uncertainty of the successful blending of taste, texture and color become so overwhelming that it far overshadows the desire to entertain more than family or the closest of friends.”

With that in mind, Suzanne and Gay put together a menu-style cookbook. There are special sections for breakfasts and brunches, luncheons, dinners and celebrations. Wines are even suggested for the novice cook still a little uncertain of what to serve with the fish.

The 80 menus are well-balanced, and best of all, the recipes are worry-free. “So many of today’s cooks are either working singles or busy married couples,” said Suzanne. “For their convenience we added notes on preparing a meal or a party as much as months ahead of time.”

Continued

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The celebrations section adds hints on table arrangements, invitations and decorations. "We wanted to take the mystique from gourmet cooking," said Suzanne. "It scares-to-death most new hostesses. Elegance is a state of mind; it doesn't have to take a lot of money or even a lot of work. We want our readers to be able to look forward to their next party before the present one is even over! And they can. Elegance can be achieved, quality assured and sanity preserved in the process."

**Of Magnolia and Mesquite** is not only the perfect gift for every new bride, cooks with decades of experience will also enjoy the fresh, graceful quality of the menus. Priced at \$12.95, **Of Magnolia and Mesquite** is on sale at local outlets such as P. S. Books in Cleveland and the Antique Mall in Indianola. Or you may order a copy from Su-Ga Publications, 2103 Dimmitt Road, Plainview, Texas 79072. (Add \$2 per book for postage and handling.)

**Of Magnolia and Mesquite** is self-published — and successful. The more than 2,000 copies sold to date are a tribute to the resourcefulness of its authors. Miz Scarlett would have been proud.

**FOOTNOTE:** Be on the lookout for two new Bolivar County books, both aimed at pre-Christmas publication dates. The Bolivar County Historical Society will offer the **Burrus House Cookbook**, a collection of authentic recipes from the historic Burrus home, the only antebellum mansion left in the county. The cookbook will feature interviews and essays related to the Benoit house and is the Society's contribution to Bolivar County's 1986 sesquicentennial celebration.

And in Cleveland, folks are anticipating the first copies of Linton Weeks' **Cleveland: A Centennial History**. The culmination of several years work, the book will be ready for Cleveland's 100th birthday bash.

*Rebecca Hood-Adams received her Master's degree in English from Delta State University and her B.A. in Journalism from Memphis State University. Ms. Hood-Adams has had several articles published including her collection of verse, Biscuit Soppin' Blues.*

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